

ANTIENT and MODERN

I T A L Y

C O M P A R E D :

Being the FIRST PART of

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

By Mr. THOMSON.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, over-against *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand*,
M.DCC.XXXV.

(Price One Shilling.)

Nor could the Child of Reason, feeble Man,
 With Vigour thro' this Infant Being drudge;
 Did brighter Worlds, their unimagined Bliss
 Disclosing, dazle and dissolve his Mind.



BRITAIN

WINDSOR PARK



LIBERTY.

A

POEM.



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B R I T A I N:

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LIBERTY.

PART IV.

STRUCK with the rising Scene, thus I amaz'd.
“ Ah, GODDESS, what a Change! Is Earth the
“ same?

“ Of the same Kind the ruthless Race she feeds?

“ And does the same fair Sun, and Ether spread

“ Round this vile Spot their all-enlivening Soul?

5

“ Lo! Beauty fails; lost in unlovely Forms

“ Of little Pomp, Magnificence no more

“ Exalts the Mind, and bids the Publick smile:

“ While to rapacious Interest Glory leaves

“ Mankind, and every Grace of Life is gone.”

B

10
To

To this the POWER, whose vital Radiance calls
From the brute Mass of Man an order'd World.

“ Wait 'till the Morning shines, and from the Depth
“ Of *Gothic* Darkness springs another Day.
“ True, Genius droops ; the tender antient Taste 15
“ Of Beauty, then fresh-blooming in her Prime,
“ But faintly trembles thro' the callous Soul ;
“ And Grandeur, or of Morals, or of Life,
“ Sinks into safe Pursuits, and creeping Cares.
“ Even cautious Virtue seems to stoop her Flight, 20
“ And aged Life to deem the generous Deeds
“ Of Youth romantic. Yet in cooler Thought
“ Well-reason'd, in Researches piercing deep
“ Through Nature's Works, in profitable Arts,
“ And all that calm Experience can disclose, 25
“ (Slow Guide, but sure) behold the World anew
“ Exalted rise, with other Honours crown'd ;
“ And, where MY SPIRIT wakes the finer Powers,
“ *Athenian* Laurels still afresh shall bloom.”

Oblivious Ages pass'd ; while Earth, forfook 30
By her best GENII, lay to DEMONS foul,
And unchain'd FURIES, an abandon'd Prey.

LIBERTY.

7

CONTENTION led the Van; first small of Size,

But soon dilating to the Skies she tow'rs:

Then, wide as Air, the livid FURY spread,

35

And high her head above the Stormy clouds,

She blaz'd in Omens, swell'd the groaning Winds

With wild Surmizes, Battlings, Sounds of War;

From Land to Land the mad'ning Trumpet blew,

And pour'd her Venom thro' the Heart of Man.

40

Shook to the Pole, the *North* obey'd her Call.

Forth rush'd the bloody POWER OF GOTHIC WAR,

War against Human-kind: RAPINE, that led

Millions of raging Robbers in his train:

Unlistening, barbarous FORCE, to whom the Sword

45

Is Reason, Honour, Law: The Foe of ARTS

By Monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,

That claim'd *their* Place. Outragious mix'd with *these*

Another Species of * Tyrannic Rule,

Unknown before, whose cancrus Shackles seiz'd

50

Th' envenom'd Soul; a wilder FURY, SHE

Even o'er her † ELDER SISTER tyranniz'd;

B 2

Or,

* Church Power, or Ecclesiastical Tyranny.

† Civil Tyranny.

Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her Rage.
 Dire was her Train, and loud : the SABLE BAND,
 Thundering,—“ Submit ye *Laity* ! Ye prophane !
 ‘ Earth is the LORD’s, and therefore OURS ; let Kings
 “ Allow the common Claim, and Half be theirs ;
 “ If not, behold ! the Sacred Lightning flies :”
 SCHOLASTIC DISCORD, with an hundred Tongues,
 For Science uttering jangling Words obscure,
 Where frighted Reason never yet could dwell :
 Of peremptory feature, CLERIC PRIDE,
 Whose reddening Cheek no contradiction bears ;
 And HOLY SLANDER, his Associate firm,
 On whom the *Lying Spirit* still descends :
 Mother of Tortures ! PERSECUTING ZEAL,
 High-flashing in her hand the ready Torch,
 Or Ponyard bath’d in unbelieving Blood ;
 Hell’s fiercest Fiend ! of Saintly Brow demure,
 Assuming a celestial Seraph’s name,
 While she beneath the blasphemous Pretence
 Of pleasing PARENT HEAVEN, the *Source of Love* !
 Has wrought more Horrors, more detested Deeds,
 Than all the Rest combin’d. Led on by Her,

And

LIBERTY.

9

And wild of head to work her fell Designs,

75

Came Idiot SUPERSTITION; round with Ears

Innumeros strow'd, ten thousand Monkish Forms

With Legends ply'd them, and with Tenets, meant

To charm or scare the Simple into Slaves,

And poison Reason; gross, *She* swallows all,

80

The most absurd believing ever most.

Broad o'er the Whole her universal Night,

The Gloom still doubling, IGNORANCE diffus'd.

Nought to be seen, but visionary Monks

To Councils strolling, and embroiling Creeds;

85

* *Banditti Saints*, disturbing distant Lands;

And unknown Nations, wandering for a Home.

All lay revers'd: the sacred Arts of Rule

Turn'd to flagitious Leagues against Mankind,

And Arts of Plunder more and more avow'd;

90

† Pure plain Devotion to a solemn Farce;

To holy Dotage Virtue, even to Guile,

To Murder, and a Mockery of Oaths;

Brave antient *Freedom* to the || *Rage of Slaves*,

Proud of their State, and fighting for their Chains;

95
Dif-

* Crusades.

† The Corruptions of the Church of *Rome*.

|| Vassalage, whence the Attachment of Clans to their Chief.

Dis honour'd Courage to the * *Bravo's* Trade,
 To Civil Broil ; and Glory to Romance.
 Thus Human Life unhing'd to Ruin reel'd,
 And giddy Reason totter'd on her Throne.

At last HEAVEN'S best inexplicable Scheme, 100
 Disclosing, bad new brightening Æras smile.
 The high Command gone forth, ARTS in my Train,
 And Azure-mantled SCIENCE, swift WE spread
 A founding Pinion. Eager Pity, mixt
 With Indignation, urg'd our downward Flight. 105
 On *Latium* first we stoop'd, for doubtful Life
 That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd Woes.

▲h poor *Italia* ! what a bitter Cup
 Of Vengeance hast thou drain'd ? *Goths, Vandals, Huns,*
Lombards, Barbarians broke from every Land, 110
 How many a ruffian Form hast thou beheld ?
 What horrid Jargons heard, where Rage alone
 Was all thy frightened Ear could comprehend ?
 How frequent by the red inhuman Hand,
 Yet warm with Brother's, Husband's, Father's Blood, 115
 Hast thou thy Matrons and thy Virgins seen

To

* Duelling.

LIBERTY.

11

To Violation dragg'd, and mingled Death?

What Conflagrations, Earthquakes, Ravage, Floods,
Have turn'd thy Cities into stony Wilds;

And succourless, and bare, the poor Remains

120

Of Wretches forth to Nature's Common cast?

Added to these, the still continual Waste

Of * inbred Foes, that on thy Vitals prey,

And, double Tyrants, seize the very Soul.

Where had'st thou Treasures for this Rapine all?

125

These hungry Myriads, that thy Bowels tore,

Heap'd Sack on Sack, and bury'd in their Rage

Wonders of Art; whence *this grey Scene* a Mine

Of more than Gold becomes and orient Gems,

Where *Egypt*, *Greece*, and *Rome* united glow.

130

Here SCULPTURE, PAINTING, ARCHITECTURE, bent
From antient Models to restore their Arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.

Amid the hoary Ruins SCULPTURE first,
Deep-digging, from the Cavern dark and damp,
Their Grave for Ages, bad her Marble Race
Spring to new Light. Joy sparkled in her Eyes,

135

And

* The Hierarchy.

And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As she the pleasing Resurrection saw.

In leaning Site, respiring from his Toils,
The well-known * *Hero*, who deliver'd *Greece*,

His ample Chest, all tempest'd with Force,

Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the Head,

Breathing the Hero, small, of *Grecian* Size,

Scarce more extensive than the finewy Neck ;

The spreading Shoulders, muscular, and broad ;

The whole a Mass of swelling Sinews, touch'd

Into harmonious Shape ; she saw, and joy'd.

The Yellow Hunter, *Meleager*, rais'd

His beauteous Front, and thro' the finish'd Whole

Shows what Ideas smil'd of old in *Greece*.

Of raging Aspect, rush'd impetuous forth

The † *Gladiator*. Pityless his Look,

And each keen Sinew brac'd, the Storm of War,

Ruffling, o'er all his nervous Body frowns.

The ‖ *Dying Other* from the Gloom she drew.

Supported on his shorten'd Arm he leans,

Prone, agonizing ; with incumbent fate,

* The *Hercules* of *Farnese*.

† The *Fighting Gladiator*.

‖ The *Dying Gladiator*.

LIBERTY.

13

Heavy declines his Head ; yet dark beneath

The suffering Feature fullen Vengeance lowrs,

160

Shame, Indignation, unaccomplish'd Rage,

And still the cheated Eye expects his Fall.

All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate *Python*, came

The * *Quiver'd God*. In graceful Act he stands,

His Arm extended with the slacken'd Bow.

165

Light flows his easy Robe, and fair displays

A manly-soften'd Form. The Bloom of Gods

Seems youthful o'er the beardless Cheek to wave.

His Features yet heroic Ardor warms ;

And sweet subsiding to a native Smile,

170

Mixt with the Joy elating Conquest gives,

A scatter'd Frown exalts his matchless Air.

On *Flora* mov'd ; her full-proportion'd Limbs

Rise thro' the Mantle fluttering in the Breeze.

The † *Queen of Love* arose, as from the Deep

175

She sprung in all the melting Pomp of Charms.

Bashful she bends, her well-taught Look aside

Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix

Vain conscious Beauty, a dissembled Sense

* The *Apollo* of *Belvidere*.

† The *Venus* of *Medici*.

Of modest Shame, and slippery Looks of Love. 180

The Gazer grows enamour'd, and the Stone,

As if exulting in it's Conquest, smiles.

So turn'd each Limb, so swell'd with softening Art,

That the deluded Eye the Marble doubts.

At last her utmost * *Masterpiece* she found, 185

That † *Maro* fir'd; the miserable Sire,

Wrapt with his Sons in Fate's severest Grasp.

The Serpents, twisting round, their stringent Folds

Inextricable tie. Such Passion here,

Such Agonies, such Bitterness of Pain 190

Seem so to tremble thro' the tortur'd Stone,

That the touch'd Heart engrosses all the View.

Almost unmark'd the best Proportions pass,

That ever *Greece* beheld; and, seen alone,

On the rapt Eye th' imperious Passions seize: 195

The Father's double Pangs, both for himself

And Sons convuls'd; to Heaven his rueful Look,

Imploring Aid, and half-accusing, cast;

His fell Despair with Indignation mixt,

As the strong-curling Monsters from his side 200

His

* The Groupe of *Laocoon* and his two Sons, destroyed by two Serpents.

† See *Aeneid* II. Ver. 199,—227.

His full-extended Fury cannot tear.

More tender touch'd, with vary'd Art, his Sons

All the soft Rage of younger Passions show.

In a Boy's helpless Fate One sinks oppress'd ;

While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted Other tries

205

His Foot to steal out of the horrid Twine.

She bore no more, but strait from *Gothic* Rust

Her Chisel clear'd, and * Dust and Fragments drove

Impetuous round. Successive as *it* went

From Son to Son, with more enlivening Touch,

210

From the brute Rock it call'd the breathing Form ;

Till, in a Legislator's awful Grace

Drest, *Buonaroti* † bade a *Moses* rise,

And, looking Love immense, † a SAVIOUR-GOD.

Of *These* observant, PAINTING felt the Fire

215

Burn inward. Then extatic *She* diffus'd

The Canvass, seiz'd the Pallet, with quick Hand

The Colours brew'd ; and on the void Expanse

Her gay Creation pour'd, her mimic World.

Poor was the Manner of her eldest Race,

220

C 2

Barren,

* It is reported of *Michael Angelo Buonaroti*, the most celebrated Master in modern *Sculpture*, that he wrought with a kind of Inspiration, or Enthusiastical Fury, which produced the Effect here mentioned.

† Esteemed the two finest Pieces of modern *Sculpture*.

Barren, and dry ; just struggling from the Taste,
 That had for Ages scar'd in Cloysters dim
 The superstitious Herd : Yet glorious then
 Were deem'd their Works ; where undevelop'd lay
 The future Wonders that enrich'd Mankind, 225
 And a new Light and Grace o'er *Europe* cast.
Arts gradual gather Streams. Enlarging *This*
 To each his Portion of her various Gifts
 The GODDESS dealt, to none indulging All ;
 No, not to *Raphael*. At kind Distance still 230
Perfection stands, like *Happiness*, to tempt
 Th' eternal Chace. In elegant Design
 Improving Nature, in Ideas fair,
 Or great, extracted from the fine Antique,
 In Attitude, Expression, Airs divine, 235
 Her Sons of *Rome* and *Florence* bore the Prize.
 To those of *Venice* She the magic Art
 Of Colours melting into Colours gave.
 Theirs too it was by one embracing Mass
 Of Light and Shade, that settles round the Whole, 240
 Or varies tremulous from Part to Part,
 O'er all a binding Harmony to throw,

To

To raise the Picture, and repose the Sight.

The * *Lombard* School succeeding, mingled both.

Meantime dread *Fanes*, and *Palaces*, around, 245

Rear'd the magnific Front. MUSIC again

Her universal Language of the Heart

Renew'd ; and, rising from the plaintive Vale,

To the full Concert spread, and solemn Quire.

Even Bigots smil'd ; to their Protection took 250

ARTS not their own, and from them borrow'd Pomp :

For in a *Tyrant's* Garden *these* a while

May bloom, tho' *Freedom* be their parent Soil.

And now confest, with gently-growing Gleam,

The Morning shone, and westward stream'd it's Light. 255

The MUSE awoke. Not sooner on the wing

Is the gay Bird of Dawn. Artless her Voice,

Untaught and wild, yet warbled thro' the Woods

Romantic Lays. But as her Northern Course

She, with her Tutor SCIENCE, in MY Train, 260

Ardent pursu'd, her Strains more noble grew :

While *Reason* drew the Plan, the *Heart* inform'd

The moral Page, and *Fancy* lent it Grace.

Rome and her circling Desarts cast behind,

* The School of the *Caracci*.

I pass'd not idle to my great Sojourn. 265

On * *Arno's* fertile Plain, where the rich Vine
 Luxuriant o'er *Etrurian* Mountains roves,
 Safe in the Lap repos'd of private Bliss,
 I small † Republicks rais'd. Thrice happy they!
 Had social *Freedom* bound their Peace, and Arts, 270
 Instead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them,
 Employ'd their little Cares, and sav'd their Fate.

Beyond the rugged *Apennines*, that roll
 Far thro' *Italian* Bounds their wavy Tops,
 My Path too I with publick Blessings strow'd: 275
 Free States and Cities, where the *Lombard* Plain,
 In spite of Culture negligent and gross,
 From her deep Bosom pours unbidden Joys,
 And green o'er all the Land a Garden spreads.

The barren Rocks themselves beneath My Foot, 280
 Relenting, bloom'd on the *Ligurian* Shore.
 || Thick-swarming People there, like Emmets, seiz'd
 Amid surrounding Cliffs, the scatter'd Spots,

Which

* The River *Arno* runs thro' *Florence*.

† The Republicks of *Florence*, *Pisa*, *Lucca*, and *Sienna*. They formerly have had very cruel Wars together, but are now all peaceably subject to the *Great Duke* of *Tuscany*, except it be *Lucca*, which still maintains the Form of a Republick.

|| The *Genoese* Territory is reckoned very populous, but the Towns and Villages for the most part lie hid among the *Apennine* Rocks and Mountains.

Which Nature left in her * destroying Rage,
Made their own Fields, nor sigh'd for other Lands. 285

There, in white Prospect, from the rocky Hill
Gradual descending to the shelter'd Shore,

By ME proud *Genoa's* marble Turrets rose.

And while MY genuine Spirit warm'd her Sons,
Beneath her *Dorias*, not unworthy, She 290

Vy'd for the Trident of the narrow Seas,

E'er BRITAIN yet had open'd all the Main.

Nor be the then † triumphant State forgot ;

Where ‖, push'd from plunder'd Earth, a Remnant still,
Inspir'd by ME, thro' the dark Ages kept 295

Of MY old *Roman* Flame some Sparks alive :

The seeming God-built City ! which MY Hand
Deep in the Bosom fix'd of wondering Seas.

Astonish'd Mortals sail'd, with pleasing Awe,

Around the Sea-girt Walls, by *Neptune* fenc'd, 300

And down the briny Street ; where, on each hand,

Ama-

* According to Dr. Burnet's System of the Deluge.

† Venice was the most flourishing City in Europe, with regard to Trade, before the Passage to the East-Indies by the Cape of Good-Hope, and America, were discovered.

‖ Those who fled to some Marshes in the Adriatic Gulph, from the Desolation spread over Italy by an Irruption of the Huns, first founded there this famous City, about the Beginning of the Fifth Century.

Amazing seen amid unstable Waves,
 The splendid Palace shines; and rising Tides,
 The green Steps marking, murmur at the Door.
 To this fair *Queen* of *Adria's* stormy Gulph, 305
 The Mart of Nations! long, obedient Seas
 Roll'd all the Treasure of the radiant East.
 But now no more. Than one great Tyrant worse
 (Whose shar'd Oppression lightens, as diffus'd)
 Each Subject tearing, many Tyrants rose. 310
 The Least the Proudest. Join'd in dark Cabal,
 They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
 Cast o'er the whole indissoluble Chains:
 The softer Shackles of luxurious Ease
 They likewise added, to secure their Sway. 315
 Thus *Venice* fainter shines; and *Commerce* thus,
 Of Toil impatient, flags the drooping Sail.
 Bursting, besides, his antient Bounds, he took
 * A larger Circle; found another † Seat,
 Opening a thousand Ports, and charm'd with Toil, 320
 Whom nothing can dismay, far other Sons.
 The *Mountains* then, clad with eternal Snow,
 Confess'd My Power. Deep as the rampart Rocks,
 By

* The Main Ocean.

† Great-Britain.

By Nature thrown insuperable round,
 I planted there a * *League of friendly States*, 325
 And bad *plain Freedom* their Ambition be.
 There in the Vale, where *rural Plenty* fills,
 From Lakes, and Meads, and furrow'd Fields, her Horn,
 † Chief, where the *Leman* pure emits the *Rhone*,
 Rare to be seen! unguilty Cities rise, 330
 Cities of Brothers form'd: while *equal Life*,
 Accorded gracious with *revolving Power*,
 Maintains them *free*; and, in their happy Streets,
 Nor cruel Deed, nor Misery, is known.
 For Valour, Faith, and Innocence of Life, 335
 Renown'd, a rough laborious People, There,
 Not only give the dreadful *Alps* to smile,
 And press their Culture on retiring Snows;
 But, to firm Order train'd and patient War,
 They likewise know, beyond the Nerve remiss 340

* The *Swiss Cantons*.

† *Geneva*, situated on the *Lacus Lemanus*, a small *State*, but noble Example of the Blessings of Civil and Religious Liberty. It is remarkable, that since the founding of this *Republick*, not One Citizen has been so much as suspected to have been guilty of *Corruption* or *publick Rapine*. A *Virtue* this! meriting the Attention of every *Briton*.

Of *Mercenary Force*, how to defend
The tasteful Little their hard Toil has earn'd,
And the proud Arm of *Bourbon* to defy.

Even, cheer'd by ME, their shaggy Mountains charm,
More than or *Gallic* or *Italian* Plains; 345

And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,

* Pines to behold their *Alpine* Views again:

The hollow-winding Stream: the Vale, fair-spread

Amid an Amphitheatre of Hills;

Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden Tempest springs: 350

From Steep to Steep ascending, the gay Train

Of Fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic Shapes:

The flitting Cloud, against the Summit dash'd;

And, by the Sun illumin'd, pouring bright

A gemmy Shower: hung o'er amazing Rocks, 355

The Mountain-Ash, and solemn-foundling Pine:

The snow-fed Torrent, in white Mazes tost,

Down to the clear etherial Lake below:

And, high o'er-topping all the broken Scene,

The

* It is reported of the *Swiss*, that, after having been long absent from their Native Country, they are seized with such a violent Desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing Indisposition, called the *Swiss Sicknefs*.

The Mountain fading into Sky ; where shines 360
 On Winter Winter shivering, and whose Top
 Licks from their cloudy Magazine the Snows.

From these descending, as I wav'd My Course
 O'er vast *Germania*, the ferocious Nurse
 Of hardy Men and Hearts affronting Death, 365
 I gave some favour'd * Cities there to lift
 A nobler Brow, and thro' their swarming Streets,
 More busy, wealthy, chearful, and alive,
 In each contented Face to look *My Soul*.

Thence the loud *Baltic* passing, black with Storm, 370
 To wintry *Scandinavia's* utmost Bound ;
 There, I the manly † Race, the Parent-Hive
 Of the mixt Kingdoms, form'd into a State
 More regularly free. By keener Air
 Their Genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by Frost 375
 Tempest and Toil their Nerves, the Sons of those
 ¶ Whose only Terror was a bloodless Death,
 They wise, and dauntless, still sustain my Cause.
 Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the South,
 The whispering Zephyrs sigh'd at my Delay. 380

D 2

Here

* The *Hans Towns*.† The *Swedes*.

¶ See Note on Verse 678.

Here, with the *shifted Vision*, burst my Joy.
 " O the dear Prospect! O majestic View!
 " See BRITAIN'S Empire! Lo! the watry Vast
 " Wide-waves, diffusing the Cerulean Plain.
 " And now, methinks, like Clouds at distance seen, 385
 " Emerging white from Deeps of Ether, dawn
 " My kindred Cliffs; whence, wafted in the Gale,
 " Ineffable, a secret Sweetness breathes.
 " GODDESS, forgive!---My Heart, surpriz'd, o'erflows
 " With filial Fondness for the Land YOU blest." 390
 As Parents to a Child complacent deign
 Approvance, the CELESTIAL BRIGHTNESS smil'd;
 Then thus---As o'er the wave-refounding Deep,
 To my near Reign, the *happy Isle*, I steer'd
 With easy Wing; behold! from Surge to Surge, 395
 Stalk'd the tremendous GENIUS OF THE DEEP.
 Around him Clouds, in mingled Tempest, hung;
 Thick-flashing Meteors crown'd his starry Head;
 And ready Thunder redden'd in his Hand,
 Or from it stream'd compressed the gloomy Cloud. 400
 Where-e'er he look'd, the trembling Waves recoil'd.
 He needs but strike the conscious Flood, and shook

From

From Shore to Shore, in Agitation dire,
It works his dreadful Will. To ME his Voice
(Like that hoarse Blast that round the Cavern howls, 405
Mixt with the Murmurs of the falling Main)
Address'd, began——“ By Fate commission'd, go,
“ MY SISTER-GODDESS now, to yon *blest Isle*,
“ Henceforth the Partner of my rough Domain.
“ All my dread Walks to BRITONS open lie. 410
“ Those that refulgent, or with rosy Morn,
“ Or yellow Evening, flame ; those that, profuse
“ Drunk by Equator-Suns, severely shine ;
“ Or those that, to the Poles approaching, rise
“ In Billows rolling into *Alps* of Ice. 415
“ Even, yet untouch'd by daring Keel, be theirs
“ The vast *Pacific* ; that on other Worlds,
“ Their future Conquest, rolls resounding Tides.
“ Long I maintain'd inviolate my Reign ;
“ Nor *Alexanders* me, nor *Cesars* brav'd. 420
“ Still, in the Crook of Shore, the coward Sail
“ 'Till now low-crept ; and peddling *Commerce* ply'd
“ Between near-joining Lands. For BRITONS, chief,
“ It was reserv'd, with star-directed Prow,
“ To

- " To dare the middle Deep, and drive assur'd 425
 " To distant Nations thro' the pathless Main.
 " Chief, for their fearless Hearts the Glory waits,
 " Long Months from Land, while the black stormy Night
 " Around them rages, on the groaning Mast
 " With unhook Knee to know their giddy Way; 430
 " To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing Wave;
 " To laugh at Danger. Theirs the Triumph be,
 " By deep *Invention's* keen pervading Eye,
 " The Heart of *Courage*, and the Hand of *Toil*,
 " Each conquer'd Ocean staining with their Blood, 435
 " Instead of Treasure robb'd by ruffian War,
 " Round social Earth to circle fair Exchange,
 " And bind the Nations in a golden Chain.
 " To these I honour'd stoop. Rushing to Light
 " A Race of Men behold! whose daring Deeds 440
 " Will in Renown exalt my nameless Plains
 " O'er those of fabling Earth, as her's to mine
 " In Terror yield. Nay, could my savage Heart
 " Such Glories check, their unsubmitting Soul
 " Would all my Fury brave, my Tempest climb, 445
 " And might in spite of me my Kingdom force."

Here, waiting no Reply, the *Shadowy Power*
Eas'd the dark Sky, and to the Deeps return'd :
While the loud Thunder rattling from his Hand,
Auspicious, shook opponent *Gallia's* Shore.

450

Of this Encounter glad, My Way to Land
I quick pursu'd, that from the smiling Sea
Receiv'd ME joyous. Loud Acclaims were heard ;
And Music, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleas'd Astonishment the lab'ring Hind,
Who for a While th' unfinish'd Furrow left,
And let the listening Steer forget his Toil.

455

Unseen by grosser Eye, BRITANNIA breath'd,
And her *Aerial Train*, these Sounds of Joy.

For of old time, since first the rushing Flood,
Urg'd by almighty Power, this favour'd Isle

460

Turn'd flashing from the Continent aside,
Indented Shore to Shore responsive still,

It's *Guardian* SHE---The GODDESS, whose staid Eye
Beams the dark Azure of the doubtful Dawn.

465

Her Tresses, like a Flood of soften'd Light

Thro' Clouds imbrown'd, in waving Circles play.

Warm on her Cheek fits Beauty's brightest Rose.

Of

Of high Demeanour, stately, shedding Grace

With every motion. Full her rising Chest;

470

And new Ideas, from her finish'd Shape,

Charm'd *Sculpture* taking might improve her Art.

Such the fair *Guardian* of an Isle that boasts,

Profuse as Vernal Blooms, the fairest Dames.

High-shining on the Promontory's Brow,

475

Awaiting ME, she stood; with Hope inflam'd,

By *my mixt Spirit* burning in her Sons,

To firm, to polish, and exalt the State.

The NATIVE GENII, round her, radiant smil'd.

COURAGE, of soft Deportment, Aspect calm,

480

Unboastful, suffering long, and, 'till provok'd,

As mild and harmless as the sporting Child;

But, on just Reason, once his Fury rous'd,

No Lyon springs more eager to his Prey:

Blood is a Pastime; and his Heart, elate,

485

Knows no depressing Fear. THAT VIRTUE known

By the relenting Look, whose equal Heart

For Others feels, as for another Self:

Of various Name, as various Objects wake,

Warm into Action, the kind Sense within:

490

Whether

Whether the blameless Poor, the nobly Maim'd,
 The Lost to Reason, the Declin'd in Life,
 The helpless Young that kiss no Mother's Hand,
 And the grey second Infancy of Age,
She gives in public Families to live, 495
 A Sight to gladden HEAVEN! whether *She* stands
 Fair-beck'ning at the hospitable Gate,
 And bids the Stranger take Repose and Joy:
 Whether, to solace honest Labour, *She*
 Rejoices those that make the Land rejoice: 500
 Or whether to *Philosophy*, and *Arts*,
 (At once the Basis and the finish'd Pride
 Of Government, and Life) *she* spreads her Hand;
 Nor knows her Gift profuse, nor seems to know,
 Doubling her Bounty, that *she* gives at all. 505
 JUSTICE to *these* her awful Presence join'd,
 The Mother of the State! No low Revenge,
 No turbid Passions in her Breast ferment:
 Tender, serene, compassionate of Vice,
 As the last Woe that can afflict Mankind, 510
She Punishment awards; yet of the Good
 More piteous still, and of the suffering Whole,

Awards it firm. So fair her just Decree,
 That, in his *judging Peers*, each on himself
 Pronounces his own Doom. O happy Land! 515

Where reigns alone this *Justice of the Free!*
 Mid the bright Groupe SINCERITY his Front,
 Diffusive, rear'd; his pure untroubled Eye
 The Fount of Truth. The THOUGHTFUL POWER, apart,
 Now, pensive, cast on Earth his fixt Regard, 520
 Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the Sky.

The *Genius* He whence BRITAIN shines, supreme,
 The Land of Light, and Rectitude of Mind.
 He too the Fire of Fancy feeds intense,
 With all the Train of Passions thence deriv'd: 525

Not kindling quick, a noisy transient Blaze,
 But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.

Near him RETIREMENT, pointing to the Shade,
 And INDEPENDANCE stood: the generous Pair,
 That simple Life, the quiet-whispering Grove, 530

And the still Raptures of the free-born Soul,
 To Cates prefer by *Virtue* bought, not earn'd,
 Proudly prefer them to the servile Pomp,
 And to the heart-embitter'd Joys of Slaves.

Or

Or should the *Latter*, to the Public Scene
 Demanded, quit his *Sylvan Friend* a while ;
 Nought can his Firmness shake, nothing seduce
 His Zeal, still active for the Common-Weal ;
 Nor stormy *Tyrants*, nor *Corruption's Tools*,
 Foul Ministers, dark-working by the Force
 Of secret-sapping Gold. All their vile Arts,
 Their shameful Honours, their perfidious Gifts,
 He greatly scorns ; and, if he must betray
 His plunder'd Country, or his Power resign,
 A Moment's Parley were eternal Shame :
 Illustrious into private Life again,
 From dirty *Levees* he unstain'd ascends,
 And firm in Senates stands the *Patriot's* Ground,
 Or draws new Vigour in the peaceful Shade.
 Aloof the BASHFUL VIRTUE hover'd coy,
 Proving by sweet Distrust distrusted Worth.
 Rough LABOUR clos'd the Train : and in his Hand
 Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with Toil,
 Came manly INDIGNATION. Sown he seems,
 And more than seems, by lawless Pride assail'd ;
 Yet kind at Heart, and just, and generous, There

No Vengeance lurks, no pale insidious Gall :
 Even in the very Luxury of Rage,
 He softening can forgive a gallant Foe ;
 The Nerve, Support, and Glory of the Land ! 560
 Nor be RELIGION, rational, and free,
 Here pass'd in Silence ; whose enraptur'd Eye
 Sees *Heaven* with *Earth* connected, Human Things
 Link'd to Divine : who not from servile Fear,
 By *Rites* for some weak Tyrant Incense fit, 565
 The GOD OF LOVE adores, but from a Heart
 Effusing Gladness, into pleasing Awe
 That now astonish'd swells, now in a Calm
 Of fearless Confidence that smiles serene ;
 That lives Devotion, one continual Hymn, 570
 And then most grateful, when HEAVEN'S Bounty most
 Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful *Power*
 O'er the rais'd *Circle* ray'd superior Day.

I joy'd to join the VIRTUES whence *my Reign*
 O'er ALBION was to rise. Each chearing Each, 575
 And, like the circling Planets from the Sun,
 All borrowing Beams from ME, a heighten'd Zeal
 Impatient fir'd us to commence our Toils,

Or

LIBERTY.

33

Or Pleasures rather. Long the pungent Time
 Pass'd not in mutual Hails; but, thro' the Land
 Darting our *Light*, we shone the *Fogs* away. 580

The VIRTUES conquer with a single Look.
 Such Grace, such Beauty, such victorious Light,
 Live in their Presence, stream in every Glance,
 That the Soul won, enamour'd, and refin'd, 585
 Grows their own Image, pure etherial Flame.

Hence the foul DEMONS, that oppose our Reign,
 Would still from us deluded Mortals wrap;
 Or in gross Shades *they* drown the visual Ray,
 Or by the Fogs of Prejudice, where mix 590
 Falshood and Truth confounded, foil the Sense
 With vain refracted Images of Bliss.

But chief around the Court of flatter'd Kings
They roll the dusky Rampart, Wall o'er Wall
 Of Darkness pile, and with their thickest Shade 595

Secure the Throne. No savage *Alp*, the Den
 Of Wolves, and Bears, and monstrous things obscene,
 That vex the Swain and waste the Country round,
 Protected lies beneath a deeper Cloud.

Yet there we sometimes send a searching Ray. 600
 As,

As, at the sacred Opening of the Morn,
 The prowling Race retire; so, pierc'd severe,
 Before our potent Blaze these DEMONS fly,
 And all their *Works* dissolve—The *whisper'd Tale*,
 That, like the fabling *Nile*, no Fountain knows. 605
Fair-fac'd Deceit, whose wily conscious Eye
 Ne'er looks direct. The *Tongue that licks the Dust*,
 But, when it safely dares, as prompt to *sting* :
 Smooth *Crocodile Destruction*, whose fell Tears
 Ensnare. The *Janus-Face* of *courtly Pride* ; 610
 One to Superiors heaves submissive Eyes,
 On hapless Worth the other scouls Disdain.
Cheeks that for some *weak Tenderness*, alone,
 Some *virtuous Slip*, can wear a Blush. The *Laugh*
Prophane, when midnight Bowls disclose the Heart, 615
 At *Starving Virtue*, and at *Virtue's Fools*.
Determin'd to be broke, the plighted Faith ;
 Nay more, the *Godless Oath*, that knows no Ties.
 Soft-buzzing *Slander*; *filky Moths*, that eat
 An honest Name. The *Harpy Hand*, and *Maw*, 620
 Of *Avaritious Luxury*; who makes
 The Throne his Shelter, venal Laws his Fort,
 And,

And, by his Service, who betrays his King.

Now turn your View, and mark from * *Celtic* Night
To present Grandeur how my BRITAIN rose. 625

Bold were those BRITONS, who, the careless Sons
Of Nature, roam'd the Forest-Bounds, at once,
Their verdant City, high-embowering Fane,
And the gay Circle of their woodland Wars:

For by the † *Druid* taught, that Death but shifts 630

The vital Scene, they that prime Fear despis'd;

And, prone to rush on Steel, disdain'd to spare

An ill-fav'd Life that must again return.

Erect from *Nature's* Hand, by *tyrant Force*,

And still more *tyrant Custom*, unsubdu'd, 635

Man knows no Master save creating HEAVEN,

Or such as Choice and Common Good ordain.

This general Sense, with which the Nations I

Promiscuous fire, in BRITONS burn'd intense,

Of future Times prophetic. Witness, *Rome*, 640

Who saw'st thy *Cesar*, from the naked Land,

Whose only Fort was *British* Hearts, repell'd,

To seek *Pharſalian* Wreaths. Witness, the Toil,

The

* GREAT-BRITAIN was peopled by the *Celtae* or *Gauls*.

† The *Druids*, among the antient *Gauls* and *Britons*, had the Care and Direction of all religious Matters.

The Blood of Ages, bootless to secure,
 Beneath an * *Empire's* yoke, a stubborn *Isle*, 645
 Disputed hard, and never quite subdu'd.
 The † *North* remain'd untouch'd, where those who scorn'd
 To stoop retir'd; and, to their keen Effort
 Yielding at last, recoil'd the *Roman* Power.
 In vain, unable to sustain the shock, 650
 From Sea to Sea desponding Legions rais'd
 The ‖ Wall immense, and yet, on Summer's Eve,
 While sport his Lambkins round, the Shepherd's Gaze.
 Continual o'er it burst the ** *Northern Storm*,
 As often, check'd, receded; threatening hoarse 655
 A swift Return. But the devouring Flood
 No more endur'd Controul, when, to support
 The last ‡ Remains of Empire, was recall'd
 The weary *Roman*, and the *Briton* lay
 Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk. 660
 Great Proof! how Men enfeeble into Slaves.
 The

* The *Roman* Empire.

† *Caledonia*, inhabited by the *Scots* and *Picts*; whither a great many *Britons*, who would not submit to the *Romans*, retired.

‖ The Wall of *Severus*, built upon *Adrian's* Rampart, which ran for eighty Miles quite cross the Country from the Mouth of the *Tine* to *Solway* Frith.

** Irruptions of the *Scots* and *Picts*.

‡ The *Roman* Empire being miserably torn by the Northern Nations, *Britain* was for ever abandon'd by the *Romans* in the Year 426 or 427.

* The Sword behind him flash'd ; before him roar'd,
 Deaf to his Woes, the Deep. Forlorn, around
 He roll'd his Eye, not sparkling ardent Flame,
 As when † *Caractacus* to Battle led 665
Silurian Swains, and ‖ *Boadicea* taught
 Her raging Troops the Miseries of Slaves.

Then (sad Relief!) from the bleak Coast, that hears
 The *German* Ocean roar, deep- blooming, strong,
 And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd *Saxon* came. 670
 He came implor'd, but came with other Aim
 Than to protect. For Conquest and Defence
 Suffices the same Arm. With the fierce Race
 Pour'd in a fresh invigorating Stream,
 Blood, where unquell'd a mighty Spirit glow'd. 675
 Rash War, and perilous Battle, their Delight ;
 And immature, and red with glorious Wounds,

* The *Britons* applying to *Ætius* the *Roman* General for Assistance, thus expressed their miserable Condition—" We know not which Way to turn us. The Barbarians
 " drive us to Sea, and the Sea forces us back to the Barbarians ; between which we
 " have only the Choice of two Deaths, either to be swallowed up by the Waves,
 " or butchered by the Sword.

† King of the *Silures*, famous for his great Exploits, and accounted the best General *Britain* had ever produced. The *Silures* were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the *Britons* : They inhabited *Herefordshire*, *Radnorshire*, *Brecknockshire*, *Monmouthshire*, and *Glamorganshire*.

‖ Queen of the *Iceni* : her Story is well known.

F

Unpeaceful

Unpeaceful Death their Choice: * deriving Thence
 A Right to feast, and drain immortal Bowls,
 In *Odin's* Hall; whose blazing Roof resounds 680
 The genial Uproar of those Shades, who fall
 In desperate Fight, or by some brave Attempt;
 And tho' more polish'd Times the *marital Creed*
 Disown, yet still the fearless Habit lives.
 Nor were the surly Gifts of War their All. 685
 Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent Laws,
 The calm Gradations of Art-nursing Peace,
 And matchless Orders, the deep Basis still
 On which ascends my BRITISH REIGN. Untam'd
 To the refining Subtilties of Slaves, 690
 They brought an happy Government along;
 Form'd by that *Freedom*, which, with secret Voice,
 Im-

* It is certain, that an Opinion was fixed and general among them (the *Goths*) that Death was but the Entrance into another Life; that all Men who lived lazy and unactive Lives, and died natural Deaths, by Sicknefs or by Age, went into vast Caves under Ground, all dark and miry, full of noysome Creatures usual to such Places, and there for ever grovelled in endless Stench and Misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike Actions and Enterprises, to the Conquest of their Neighbours and the Slaughter of their Enemies, and died in Battle, or of violent Deaths upon bold Adventures or Resolutions, went immediately to the vast Hall or Palace of *Odin*, their God of War, who eternally kept open House for all such Guests, where they were entertained at infinite Tables, in perpetual Feasts and Mirth, carousing in Bowls made of the Skulls of their Enemies they had slain; according to the Number of whom, every one in these Mansions of Pleasure was the most honoured and the best entertained. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE'S *Essay on Heroick Virtue*.

Impartial *Nature* teaches all her Sons,
 And which of old thro' the whole *Scythian Mass*
 I strong inspir'd. *Monarchical* their State, 695
 But prudently confin'd, and mingled wise
 Of each harmonious Power! only, too much,
 Imperious War into their Rule infus'd,
 Prevail'd the *General-King*, and *Chieftain-Thanes*.

In many a Field, by civil Fury stain'd, 700
 Bled the discordant * *Heptarchy*; and long
 (Educing Good from Ill) the Battle groan'd;
 Ere, blood-cemented, *Anglo-Saxons* saw
 † *Egbert* and *Peace* on one united Throne.

No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing Calm 705
 Of brighter Days, when lo! the *North* anew,
 With stormy Nations black, on ENGLAND pour'd
 Woes the severest e'er a People felt.
 The *Danish* ‖ *Raven*, lur'd by annual Prey,
 Hung o'er the Land incessant. Fleet on Fleet 710

* The Seven Kingdoms of the *Anglo-Saxons*, considered as being united into one Common Government, under a General in Chief or Monarch, and by the means of an Assembly General or *Wittenagemot*.

† *Egbert* King of *Wessex*, who after having reduced all the other Kingdoms of the *Heptarchy* under his Dominion, was the first King of *England*.

‖ A famous *Danish* Standard was called *Ræfæn* or *Ræven*. The *Danes* imagined that, before a Battle, the Raven wrought upon this Standard clap'd it's Wings or hung down it's Head, in token of Victory or Defeat.

Of barbarous Pirates unremitting tore
 The miserable Coast. Before them stalk'd,
 Far-seen, the *Demon* of devouring *Flame*;
Rapine, and *Murder*, all with Blood besmear'd,
 Without or Ear, or Eye, or feeling Heart; 715
 While close behind them march'd the fallow *Power*
 Of desolating *Famine*, who delights
 In grass-grown Cities, and in desert Fields;
 And purple-spotted *Pestilence*, by whom
 Even *Friendship* scar'd, in sickening Horror sinks 720
 Each social Sense and Tendernefs of Life.
 Fixing at last, the sanguinary Race
 Spread, from the *Humber's* loud-resounding Shore,
 To where the *Thames* devolves his gentle Maze,
 And with superior Arm the *Saxon* aw'd. 725
 But *Superstition* first, and *Monkish* Dreams,
 And *Monk-directed Cloyster-seeking* Kings,
 Had eat away his Vigour, eat away
 His Edge of Courage, and depress'd the Soul
 Of conquering *Freedom*, which he once respir'd. 730
 Thus cruel Ages pass'd; and rare appear'd
 White-mantled *Peace*, exulting o'er the Vale,

As when, with * ALFRED, from the Wilds she came
To polic'd Cities and protected Plains.

Thus by Degrees the *Saxon Empire* sunk,

735

Then set intire in † *Hastings* bloody Field.

Compendious War! (on BRITAIN'S Glory bent,
So Fate ordain'd) in that decisive Day,

The haughty *Norman* seiz'd at once an Isle,

For which thro' many a Century, in vain,

740

The *Roman, Saxon, Dane*, had toil'd, and bled.

Of *Gothic* Nations This the final Burst ;

And, mix'd the Genius of these People all,

Their Virtues mix'd in one exalted Stream,

Here the rich Tide of *English* Blood grew full.

745

Awhile *my Spirit* slept ; the Land awhile,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic Rage.

Instead of ‖ *Edward's* gentle equal Laws,

The furious Victor's partial Will prevail'd.

All prostrate lay ; and, in the secret Shade,

750

Deep-stung but fearful *Indignation* gnash'd

His

* ALFRED the Great, renowned in War, and no less famous in Peace for his many excellent Institutions, particularly That of *Juries*.

† The Battle of *Hastings*, in which *Harold II.* the last of the *Saxon* Kings, was slain, and *William the Conqueror* made himself Master of *England*.

‖ *Edward III.* the Confessor, who reduced the *West-Saxon, Mercian, and Danish* Laws into one Body ; which from that time became common to all *England*, under the name of the *Laws of Edward*.

His Teeth. Of *Freedom, Property*, despoil'd,
 And of their Bulwark, *Arms* ; with *Castles* crush'd,
 With *Ruffians* quarter'd o'er the *bridled* Land ;
 The shivering Wretches, at the * *Curfew* Sound, 755
 Dejected shrunk into their fordid Beds,
 And, thro' the mournful Gloom, of antient Times
 Mus'd sad, or dreamt of Better. Even to feed
 A *Tyrant's* idle Sport the Peasant starv'd :
 To the *wild* Herd, the Pasture of the *Tame*, 760
 The chearful Hamlet, spiry Town, was given,
 And the brown † Forest roughen'd wide around.

But this so dead so vile Submission, long
 Endur'd not. Gathering Force, My gradual Flame
 Shook off the Mountain of tyrannic Sway. 765
 Unus'd to bend, impatient of Controul,
Tyrants themselves the *common Tyrant* check'd.
 The *Church*, by *Kings* intractable and fierce,
 Deny'd her Portion of the plunder'd State,
 Or tempted, by the Timorous and Weak, 770

To

* The *Curfew Bell* (from the *French Couvrefeu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the *English* to put out their Fires and Candles, under the Penalty of a severe Fine.

† The *New Forest* in *Hampshire* ; to make which, the Country for above thirty Miles in Compass was laid waste.

To gain new Ground, first taught their Rapine Law.

The *Barons* next a nobler League began,

Both those of *English* and of *Norman* Race,

In one fraternal Nation blended now,

The Nation of the Free! Prefs'd by a * Band

775

Of *Patriots*, ardent as the Summer's Noon

That looks delighted on, the *Tyrant* see!

Mark! how with feign'd Alacrity he bears

His strong Reluctance down, his dark Revenge,

And gives the CHARTER, by which Life indeed

780

Becomes of Price, a Glory to be Man.

Thro' this and thro' succeeding Reigns affirm'd

These long-contested Rights, the wholesome Winds

Of *Opposition* † hence began to blow,

And often since have lent the Country Life.

785

Before their Breath *Corruption's* Insect-Blights,

The darkening Clouds of *evil Counsel* fly;

Or should they founding swell, a putrid Court,

A pestilential Ministry, they purge,

And ventilated States renew their Bloom.

790

Tho'

* On the 5th of June 1215, King *John*, met by the *Barons* on *Runnemede*, sign'd the *Great Charter of Liberties*, or *Magna Charta*.

† The League formed by the *Barons*, during the Reign of *John*, in the Year 1213, was the first Confederacy made in *England* in Defence of the Nation's Interest against the King.

Tho' with the *temper'd Monarchy* here mix'd
Aristocratic Sway, the *People* still,
 Flatter'd by *This* or *That*, as Interest lean'd,
 No full Protection knew. For ME reserv'd,
 And for *my Commons*, was that glorious Turn. 795
 They crown'd my first Attempt, in * *Senates* rose,
The Fort of Freedom! Slow 'till then, alone,
 Had work'd that general *Liberty*, that Soul,
 Which generous *Nature* breathes, and which, when left
 By ME to Bondage was *corrupted Rome*, 800
 I thro' the *Northern Nations* wide diffus'd.
 Hence many a People, fierce with *Freedom*, rush'd
 From the rude Iron Regions of the *North*,
 To *Lybian* Desarts Swarm protruding Swarm,
 And pour'd new Spirit thro' a slavish World. 805
 Yet, o'er these *Gothic States*, the *King* and *Chiefs*
 Retain'd the high Prerogative of War,
 And with enormous Property engross'd

The

* The Commons are generally thought to have been first represented in Parliament towards the end of *Henry* the third's Reign. To a Parliament called in the Year 1264, each County was ordered to send four Knights, as Representatives of their respective Shires: And to a Parliament called in the Year following, each County was ordered to send, as their Representatives, two Knights, and each City and Burrough as many Citizens and Burgeffes. Till then, History makes no Mention of them; whence a very strong Argument may be drawn, to fix the Original of the House of Commons to that Era.

The mingled Power. But on BRITANNIA'S Shore
 Now present, I to raise MY Reign began 810
 By raising the *Democracy*, the third
 And broadest Bulwark of the guarded State.
 Then was the full the perfect Plan disclos'd
 Of BRITAIN'S matchless *Constitution*, mixt
 Of mutual checking and supporting Powers, 815
 KING, LORDS, and COMMONS; nor the Name of *Free*
 Deserving while the *Vassal-Many* droop'd:
 For since the Moment of the Whole *They* form,
 So, as depress'd or rais'd, the Ballance *They*
 Of Public Welfare and of Glory cast. 820
 Mark from this Period the continual Proof.

When Kings of narrow Genius, Minion-rid,
 Neglecting faithful Worth for fawning Slaves;
 Proudly regardless of their People's Complaints,
 And poorly passive of insulting Foes; 825
 Double, not prudent, obstinate, not firm,
 Their Mercy Fear, Necessity their Faith;
 Instead of generous Fire, presumptuous, hot,
 Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;
 Tyrants at once and Slaves, imperious, mean, 830

To Want rapacious joining shameful Waste;
 By Counsels weak and wicked, easy rous'd
 To paltry Schemes of absolute Command,
 To seek their Splendor in their sure Disgrace,
 And in a broken ruin'd People Wealth : 835
 When such o'ercast the State, no Bond of Love,
 No Heart, no Soul, no Unity, no Nerve,
 Combin'd the loose disjointed Public, lost
 To Fame abroad to Happiness at Home.

But when an * EDWARD, and an † HENRY, breath'd 840
 Thro' the charm'd Whole one all-exerting Soul :
 Drawn Sympathetic from his dark Retreat,
 When wide-attracted Merit round them glow'd :
 When Counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
 Amid the Maze of State, determin'd, kept 845
 Some *ruling Point* in View : when, on the Stock
 Of Public Good and Glory grafted, spread
 Their Palms, their Laurels ; or, if thence they stray'd,
 Swift to return, and patient of Restraint :
 When Regal State, Pre-eminence of Place, 850
 They scorn'd to deem Pre-eminence of Ease,

To

To be luxurious Drones, that only rob
 The busy Hive: as in Distinction, Power,
 Indulgence, Honour, and Advantage, First;
 When they too claim'd in Virtue, Danger, Toil, 855
 Superior Rank; with equal Hand, prepar'd
 To guard the Subject, and to quell the Foe:
 When Such with ME their vital Influence shed,
 No mutter'd Grievance, hopeless Sigh, was heard;
 No foul Distrust thro' wary Senates ran, 860
 Confin'd their Bounty, and their Ardor quench'd:
 On *Aid*, unquestion'd, liberal *Aid* was given:
 Safe in their Conduct, by their Valour fir'd,
 Fond where they led victorious Armies rush'd;
 And * *Cressy*, *Poitiers*, *Agincourt* proclaim 865
 What *Kings* supported by almighty *Love*,
 And *People* fir'd with *Liberty*, can do.

Be veil'd the savage † Reigns, when kindred Rage
 The numerous-once *Plantagenets* devour'd,
 A Race to Vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd 870
 By private Feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
 My quivering Flame. But, in the Next, behold!

* Three famous Battles, gained by the *English* over the *French*.

† During the Civil Wars, betwixt the Families of *York* and *Lancaster*.

A * cautious *Tyrant* lend it Oil anew.

Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his Gold,

As how to fix his Throne he jealous cast

875

His crafty Views around; pierc'd with a Ray,

Which on his timid Mind I darted full,

He mark'd the *Barons* of excessive Sway,

† At pleasure making and unmaking Kings;

And hence, to crush these *petty Tyrants*, plan'd

880

|| A Law, that let them, by the silent Waste

Of Luxury, their landed Wealth diffuse,

And with that Wealth their implicated Power.

By soft Degrees a mighty Change ensu'd,

Even working to this Day. With Streams, deduc'd

885

From these diminish'd Floods, the Country smil'd.

As when impetuous from the Snow-heap'd *Alps*,

To Vernal Suns relenting, pours the *Rhine*;

While undivided, oft, with wasteful Sweep,

He foams along; but, thro' *Batavian* Meads,

890

Branch'd into fair Canals, indulgent flows;

Waters a thousand Fields; and Culture, Trade,

Towns,

* Henry VII.

† The famous Earl of *Warwick*, during the Reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV, was called the *King-Maker*.

|| Permitting the *Barons* to alienate their Lands.

Towns, Meadows, gliding Ships, and Villas mixt,
A rich a wondrous Landskip rises round.

His *furious* * *Son* the Soul-enslaving † Chain, 895

Which many a doating venerable Age

Had Link by Link strong-twisted round the Land,

Shook off. No longer could be born a Power,

From HEAVEN pretended, to deceive, to void

Each solemn Tie, to plunder without Bounds, 900

To curb the generous Soul, to fool Mankind;

And, wild at last, to plunge into a Sea

Of Blood, and Horror. The returning Light,

That first thro' || *Wickliff* streak'd the *Priestly Gloom*,

Now burst in open Day. Bare'd to the Blaze, 905

‡ Forth from the Haunts of *Superstition* crawl'd

Her *motly Sons*, fantastic Figures all;

And, wide-dispers'd, their useless fetid Wealth

In graceful Labour bloom'd, and Fruits of Peace.

Trade, join'd to *these*, on every Sea display'd 910

A daring Canvass, pour'd with every Tide

A

* *Henry VIII.*

† *Of Papal Dominion.*

|| *John Wickliff*, Doctor of Divinity, who towards the Close of the fourteenth Century, published Doctrines very contrary to those of the Church of *Rome*, and particularly denying the *Papal* Authority. His Followers grew very numerous, and were called *Lollards*.

‡ Suppression of Monasteries.

A golden Flood. From other * Worlds were roll'd

The guilty glittering Stores, whose fatal Charms,

By the plain *Indian* happily despis'd,

Yet work'd his Woe ; and to the blisful Groves,

915

Where *Nature* liv'd herself among her Sons,

And *Innocence* and *Joy* for ever dwelt,

Drew *Rage* unknown to *Pagan* Climes before,

The worst the *zeal-inflam'd Barbarian* drew.

Be no such horrid Commerce, BRITAIN, thine !

920

But Want for Want, with mutual Aid, supply.

The *Commons* thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,

Against the *Barons* weigh'd. ELIZA then,

Amid these doubtful Motions, steady, gave

The Beam to fix. *She* ! like the SECRET EYE

925

That never closes on a guarded World,

So *sought*, so *mark'd*, so *seiz'd* the Public Good,

That self-supported, without one Ally,

She aw'd her inward quell'd her circling Foes.

Inspir'd by M^F, beneath her sheltering Arm,

930

In spite of raging † *universal Sway*

And raging Seas repress'd, the *Belgic* States

My

* The *Spanish West-Indies*.

† The Dominion of the House of *Austria*.

My Bulwark on the *Continent*, arose.
 Matchless in all the Spirit of her Days!
 With Confidence unbounded fearless Love 935
 Elate, her fervent People waited gay,
 Chearful demanded the long-threaten'd * *Fleet*,
 And dash'd the *Pride of Spain* around *their Isle*.
 Nor ceas'd the *British Thunder* here to rage :
 The Deep, reclaim'd, obey'd it's awful Call; 940
 In Fire and Smoke *Iberian Ports* involv'd,
 The trembling Foe even to the Centre shook
 Of their new-conquer'd World, and skulking stole
 By veering Winds their *Indian Treasure* home.
 Mean-time, *Peace, Plenty, Justice, Science, Arts,* 945
 With softer Laurels crown'd her happy Reign.

As yet uncircumscrib'd the *Regal Power*,
 And wild and vague *Prerogative* remain'd,
 A wide voracious Gulph, where swallow'd oft
 The helpless Subject lay. *This* to reduce 950
 To the just Limit was MY great Effort.

By Means, that evil seem to narrow Man,
Superior Beings work their mystic Will:

From

* The *Spanish Armada*. *Rapin* says, that after proper Measures had been taken, the Enemy was expected with uncommon Alacrity.

From Storm and Trouble thus a settled Calm,
At last, effulgent, o'er BRITANNIA smil'd.

955

The gathering Tempest, HEAVEN-commission'd, came,
Came in the * *Prince*, who, drunk with Flattery, dreamt
His vain pacific Counsels rul'd the World ;
Tho' scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a Maze
Of fruitless Treaties ; while at Home enslav'd, 960
And by a worthless Crew insatiate drain'd,
He lost his People's Confidence and Love:
Irreparable Loss ! whence Crowns become
An anxious Burden. Years inglorious pass'd :
Triumphant *Spain* the vengeful Draught enjoy'd : 965
Abandon'd † FREDERICK pin'd, and RALEIGH bled.
But nothing *That* to these *internal Broils*,
That *Rancour*, he began ; while *lawless Sway*
He, with his *slavish Doctors*, try'd to rear
|| On *Metaphysic* on *enchanted* Ground, 970
And all the mazy *Quibbles* of the *Schools* :
As if for *One*, and sometimes for the *Worst*,

HEAVEN

* *James I.*

† *Eleſtor Palatine*, and who had been choſen King of *Bohemia*, but was ſtrip'd of all his Dominions and Dignities by the Emperor *Ferdinand*, while *James* the Firſt, his Father in Law, being amuſed from time to time, endeavour'd to mediate a Peace.

|| The Monſtrous and till then unheard-of Doctrines of Divine Indefeasible Hereditary Right, Paſſive Obedience, &c.

HEAVEN had Mankind in Vengeance only made.

Vain the Pretence ! not so the dire Effect,

The fierce the foolish * Discord thence deriv'd, 975

That tears the Country still, by Party-Rage

And ministerial Clamour kept alive.

In Action weak, and for the wordy War

Best fitted, faint this Prince pursu'd his Claim :

Content to teach the Subject-Herd, how great, 980

How sacred he ! how despicable they !

But his *unyielding* † Son these Doctrines drank,

With all a *Bigot's* rage ; (who never damps

By Reasoning his Fire) and what they taught,

Warm, and tenacious, into Practice push'd. 985

Senates, in vain, their kind Restraint apply'd :

The more they struggled to support the Laws,

His Justice-dreading Ministers the more

Drove him beyond their Bounds. Tir'd with the Check

Of *faithful Love*, and with the Flattery pleas'd 990

Of *false designing Guilt*, the || *Fountain* He

Of *Public Wisdom* and of *Justice* shut.

Wide mourn'd the Land. Strait to the *voted Aid*

* The Parties of *Whig* and *Tory*.

† *Charles I.*

|| Parliaments.

Free, cordial, large, of never-failing Source,
 Th' *illegal Imposition* follow'd harsh, 995
 With Execration given, or ruthless squeez'd
 From an insulted People, by a Band
 Of the worst Ruffians, those of tyrant Power.
Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
 Her unrelenting Train: *Informers, Spies,* 1000
 Blood-Hounds, that sturdy *Freedom* to the Grove
 Pursue; *Projectors* of aggrieving Schemes,
 * Commerce to load for unprotected Seas,
 † To sell the starving Many to the Few,
 And drain a thousand Ways th' exhausted Land. 1005
 Even from *that Place* whence healing *Peace* should flow,
 And *Gospel Truth*, inhuman *Bigots* shed
 Their || Poison round; and on the *venal* Bench,
 Instead of *Justice*, *Party* held the Scale,
 And *Violence* the Sword. Afflicted Years, 1010
 Too-patient, felt at last their Vengeance full.
 Mid the low Murmurs of submissive Fear
 And mingled Rage, MY HAMBDEN rais'd his Voice, And

* Ship-money.

† Monopolies.

|| The raging *High-Church* Sermons of these Times, inspiring at once a Spirit of
 slavish Submission to the Court, and of bitter Persecution against those whom
 they called Church and State *Puritans*.

And to the *Laws* appeal'd ; the *Laws* no more
 In Judgment sat, behov'd some other Ear. 1015
 When instant from the keen resentive *North*,
 By *long Oppression* by *Religion* rous'd,
 The *Guardian Army* came. Beneath it's Wing,
 Tho' meant to furnish hostile Aid, was call'd
 The *more than Roman Senate*. There a Flame 1020
 Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the Land.
 In deep Emotion hurl'd, nor *Greece*, nor *Rome*,
 Indignant bursting from a Tyrant's Chain,
 While, full of ME, each agitated Soul
 Strung every Nerve and flam'd in every Eye, 1025
 Had e'er beheld such *Light* and *Heat* combin'd!
 Such *Heads* and *Hearts* ! Such dreadful *Zeal*, led on
 By calm majestic *Wisdom*, taught it's Course
 What Nufance to devour ; such *Wisdom* fir'd
 With unabating *Zeal*, and aim'd sincere 1030
 To clear the *weedy State*, restore the *Laws*,
 And for the Future to *secure* their Sway.

This then the Purpose of my *mildest Sons*.
 But Man is blind. A Nation once inflam'd
 (Chief, should the Breath of *factious Fury* blow, 1035
 With

With the wild Rage of mad *Entusiast* swell'd)
 Not easy cools again. From Breast to Breast,
 From Eye to Eye, the kindling Passions mix
 In heighten'd Blaze ; and, ever wise and just,
 High HEAVEN to gracious Ends directs the Storm. 1040
 Thus in one Conflagration BRITAIN wrapt,
 And by *Confusion's* lawless Sons despoil'd,
 KING, LORDS, and COMMONS, thundering to the Ground,
 Successive, rush'd—Lo ! from their Ashes rose,
 Gay-beaming radiant Youth, the * *Phoenix-State*. 1045

The grievous *Yoke of Vassalage*, the *Yoke*
 Of *private Life*, lay by these Flames dissolv'd ;
 And, from the † *wasteful the luxurious King*,
 Was purchas'd ‡ *That* which taught the Young to bend.
 Stronger restor'd, the *Commons* tax'd the *Whole*, 1050
 And built on that eternal Rock their Power.
 The *Crown*, of it's hereditary Wealth
 Despoil'd, on *Senates* more dependant grew,
 And They more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
 And in full Vigour spread, that bitter Root, 1055
 The *Passive Doctrines*, by their Patrons first

Oppos'd

* At the *Restoration*.† *Charles II.*‡ *Court of Wards*.

Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.

This wild delusive *Cant* ; the rash *Cabal*
 Of hungry Courtiers, ravenous for Prey ;
 The *Bigot*, restless in a double Chain 1060
 To bind anew the Land ; the constant Need
 Of finding faithless Means, of shifting Forms,
 And flattering *Senates*, to supply his Waste ;
These, from the *careless Prince*, some Moments tore,
 And in his Breast awak'd the *kindred Plan*. 1065
 By dangerous Softness long he min'd his Way ;
 By subtle Arts, Diffimulation deep ;
 By sharing what *Corruption* showr'd, profuse ;
 By breathing wide the gay licentious Plague,
 And pleasing Manners, fitted to deceive. 1070

At last subfided the delirious Joy,
 On whose high Billow, from the *saintly Reign*,
 The Nation drove too far. A pension'd King,
 Against his Country brib'd by *Gallic Gold* ;
 The * *Port* pernicious fold, the *Scylla* since 1075
 And fell *Charybdis* of the *British* Seas ;
Freedom attack'd † abroad, with surer Blow
 To

* *Dunkirk*.

† The War, in Conjunction with *France*, against the *Dutch*.

To cut it off at Home; the * *Saviour-League*
 Of *Europe* broke; the Progress even advanc'd
 Of *universal* † *Sway*, which to reduce 1080
 Such Seas of Blood and Treasure BRITAIN cost;
 The Millions, by a generous People given,
 Or squander'd vile, or to *corrupt, disgrace*,
 And *awe* the Land with ‖ Forces not their own,
 Employ'd; the darling *Church* her Self betray'd : 1085
 All *these*, broad-glaring, ope'd the general Eye,
 And wak'd *my Spirit*, the *Resisting Soul*.

Mild was, at first, and half-asham'd, the Check
 Of *Senates*, shook from the fantastic Dream
 Of absolute Submission, Tenets vile! 1090
 Which Slaves would blush to own, and which, reduc'd
 To Practice, always honest Nature shock.
 Not even the Mask remov'd, and the fierce Front
 Of Tyranny disclos'd; nor trampled Laws;
 Nor seiz'd each ‡ Badge of *Freedom* thro' the Land; 1095
 Nor SIDNEY bleeding for th' *unpublish'd Page*;
 Nor on the Bench avow'd *Corruption* plac'd,

And

* The *Triple Alliance*.† Under *Lewis XIV.*

‖ A Standing Army, rais'd without the Consent of Parliament.

‡ The Charters of Corporations.

And *murderous Rage* itself, in *Jefferies'* Form;
 Nor endless Acts of *Arbitrary Power*,
 Cruel, and false, could raise the Public Arm. 1100
 Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining Chiefs
 Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious War,
 The patient Public turns not, 'till impell'd
 To the near Verge of Ruin. Hence I rous'd
 The * *Bigot-King*, and hurry'd fated on 1105
 His Measures immature. But chief his Zeal,
 Out-flaming *Rome* herself, portentous scar'd
 The troubled Nation: *Mary's* horrid Days
 To Fancy bleeding rose, and the dire Glare
 Of *Smithfield* lighten'd in it's Eyes anew. 1110
 Yet Silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
 Rueful Amazement, pressing down his Rage:
 As, mustering Vengeance, the deep Thunder frowns,
 Awfully still, waiting the high Command
 To spring. Strait from *his Country, Europe*, fav'd, 1115
 To save BRITANNIA, lo! *my Darling Son*,
 Than Hero more! the Patriot of Mankind!
 Immortal NASSAU came. I hush'd the Deep

By

* *James II.*

By *Demons* rous'd, and bad the * lifted Winds,

Still shifting as behov'd, with various Breath,

1120

Waft the DELIVERER to the longing Shore.

See! wide alive, the foaming † *Channel* bright

With swelling Sails, and all the Pride of War,

Delightful View! when *Justice* draws the Sword:

And mark! diffusing ardent Soul around,

1125

And sweet Contempt of Death, My streaming || Flag.

Even adverse ‡ Navies bless'd the binding Gale,

Kept down the glad Acclaim, and silent joy'd.

Arriv'd, the Pomp, and not the Waste, of Arms

His Progress mark'd! The faint-oppoſing ** Hoſt

1130

For once, in Yielding their beſt Victory found,

And by Deſertion prov'd exalted Faith;

While his the bloodleſs Conqueſt of the Heart,

Shouts

* The Prince of *Orange* in his Paſſage to *England*, tho' his Fleet had been at firſt diſpers'd by a Storm, was afterwards extremely favour'd by ſeveral Changes of the Wind.

† *Rapin*, in his *History of England*.—The third of *November* the Fleet entered the *Channel*, and lay by between *Calais* and *Dover*, to ſtay for the Ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a Council of War. It is eaſy to imagine what a glorious Show the Fleet made. Five or ſix Hundred Ships in ſo narrow a Channel, and both the *Engliſh* and *French* Shores covered with numberleſs Spectators, are no common Sight. For my Part, who was then on Board the Fleet, I own it ſtruck me extreamly.

|| The Prince placed himſelf in the main Body, carrying a Flag with *Engliſh* Colours, and their Highneſſes' Arms ſurrounded with this Motto, THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AND THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND; and underneath the Motto of the Houſe of *Naffau*, JE MAINTIENDRAI, *I will maintain*. *Rapin*.

‡ The *Engliſh* Fleet.

** The King's Army.

Shouts without Groan, and Triumph without War.

Then dawn'd *the Period* destin'd to *confine* 1135

The Surge of wild *Prerogative*, to raise
A Mound restraining it's imperious Rage,
And bid the raving Deep no farther flow.

Nor were, without that Fence, the swallow'd *State*
Better than *Belgian* Plains without their Dykes, 1140

Sustaining weighty Seas. This, often fav'd
By more than human Hand, the Public saw,
And seiz'd the white-wing'd Moment. * Pleas'd to yield

Destructive Power, a wise heroic † Prince
Even lent his Aid—Thrice happy! did they know 1145

Their Happiness, BRITANNIA'S BOUNDED KINGS.

What tho' not theirs the Boast, in dungeon Glooms,
To plunge bold *Freedom*; or, to chearless Wilds,
To drive him from the cordial Face of Friend;

Or fierce to strike him, at the midnight Hour, 1150

By *Mandate blind*, not *Justice*, that delights
To dare the keenest Eye of open Day.

What tho' no Glory to controul the Laws,
And make *injurious Will* their only Rule,

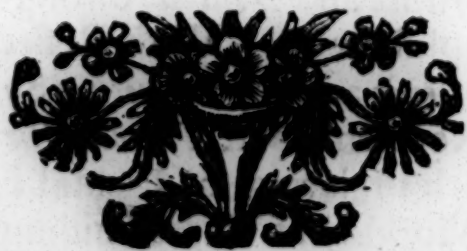
* By the *Bill of Rights*, and the *Act of Succession*.

† William III.

They deem it. What tho', Tools of wanton Power, 1155
 Pestiferous *Armies* swarm not at their Call.
 What tho' they give not a relentless Crew
 Of *Civil Furies*, proud *Oppression's* Fangs!
 To tear at Pleasure the dejected Land,
 With starving Labour pampering idle Waste. 1160
 To clothe the Naked, feed the Hungry, wipe
 The guiltless Tear from lone Affliction's Eye;
 To raise hid *Merit*, set th' alluring Light
 Of *Virtue* high to View; to nourish *Arts*,
 Direct the *Thunder* of an injur'd *State*, 1165
 Make a whole glorious People sing for Joy,
 Bless Human-Kind, and thro' the downward Depth
 Of future Times to spread *that better Sun*
 Which lights up *British Soul*: for Deeds like *These*,
 The dazzling fair *Carreer* unbounded lies; 1170
 While (still superior Bliss!) the dark Abrupt
 Is kindly barr'd, the Precipice of Ill.
 Oh Luxury divine! Oh poor to this,
 Ye giddy Glories of *Despotic Thrones*!
 By *this*, by *this indeed*, is imag'd HEAVEN, 1175
 By *boundless Good* without the Power of Ill.

And

And now behold ! exalted as the Cope
That swells immense o'er many-peopled Earth,
And like it free, MY FABRICK stands compleat,
The PALACE OF THE LAWS. To the four Heavens 1180
Four Gates impartial thrown, unceasing Crowds,
With Kings themselves the hearty Peasant mix'd,
Pour urgent in. And tho' to different Ranks
Responsive Place belongs, yet equal spreads
The Sheltering Roof o'er all; while Plenty flows, 1185
And glad Contentment echoes round the Whole.
Ye Floods descend ! Ye Winds, *confirming*, blow !
Nor outward Tempest, nor corrosive Time,
Nought but the felon undermining Hand
Of dark CORRUPTION, can it's Frame dissolve, 1190
And lay the Toil of Ages in the Dust.



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